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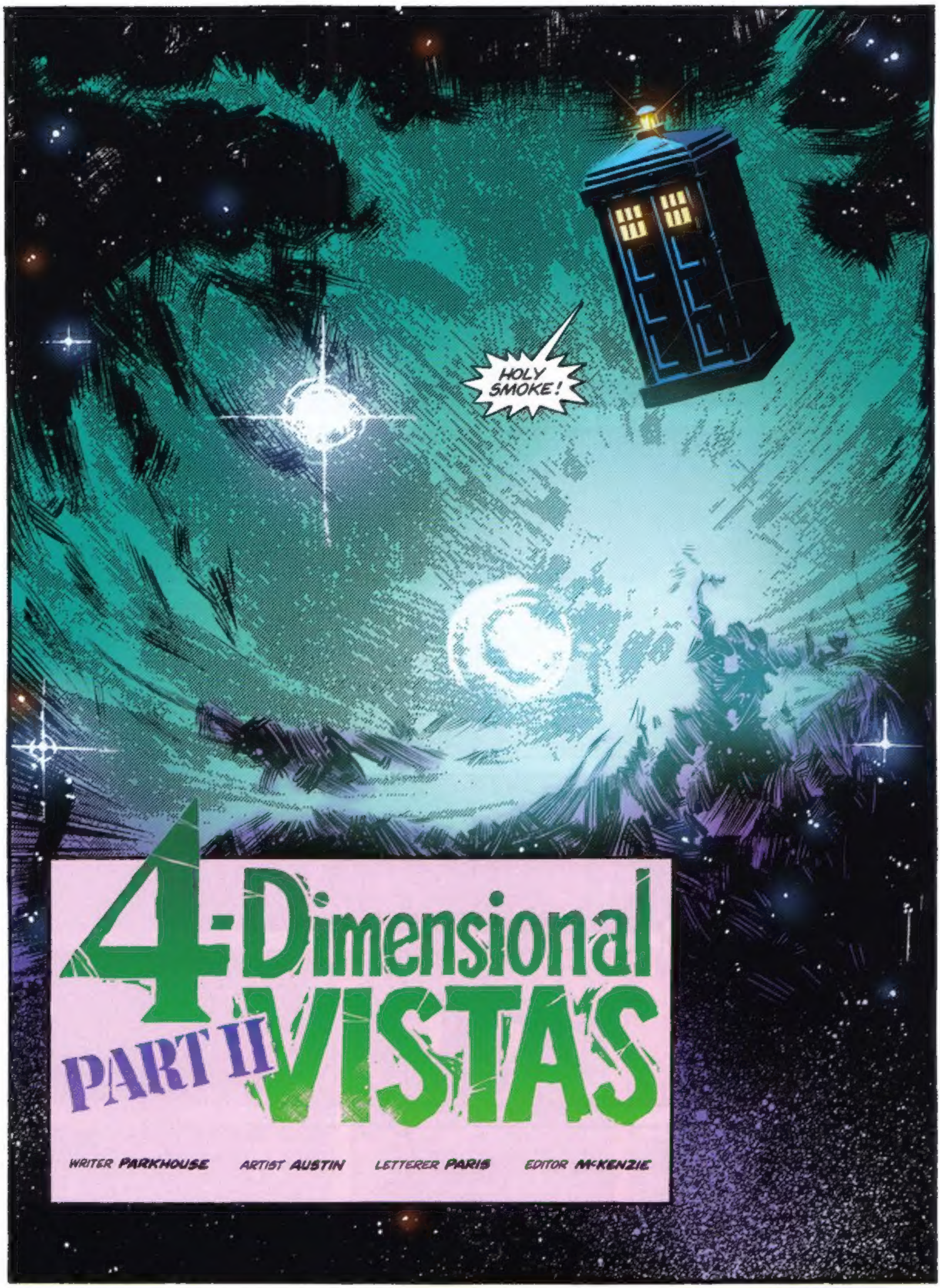

HOLY SMOKE!
4-Dimensional VISTAS
PART II
WRITER PARKHOUSE
ARTIST AUSTIN
LETTERER PARIS
EDITOR McKENZIE

RIGHT FIRST TIME, GUS!
IS THAT REALLY A GALAXY BEING CREATED? OR JUST A MOVIE?

NO. I DON'T THINK SPECIAL EFFECTS HAVE MANAGED TO GET THAT FAR... NO...
IT'S THE REAL THING...

SOMEWHERE IN THAT UNBELIEVABLE SWIRLING MASS OF GAS AND DUST THE PLANET WE CALL EARTH WILL COME INTO BEING...

NOW WATCH THIS...

ANGUS GOODMAN, AN AMERICAN FLIER RESCUED BY THE DOCTOR FROM THE PACIFIC WAR HAD SEEN SOME THINGS...

...HE'D NEVER FORGET. BATTLE-CRUISERS BLAZING IN A BLUE PACIFIC NIGHT, DIMMING EVEN THE LIGHT OF STARS...

FIGHTERS SPIRALLING IN FIRE, TO EXPLODE IN SMOKING SHARDS OF METAL, LEATHER AND BONE...

HE THOUGHT HE'D SEEN IT ALL...

UNTIL NOW...

THAT'S EARTH! I CAN SEE THE GOOD OL' U.S.A!

MAN... IT'S SO BIG AND BEAUTIFUL, JUST SLIDING BY... FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA... WOW...
BUT SUPPOSING...

... THERE WERE AN INFINITE NUMBER OF EARTHS. AT EACH GIVEN MOMENT IN TIME, WHENEVER A DECISION IS MADE AND ACTED UPON...
A PARALLEL WORLD IS CREATED...

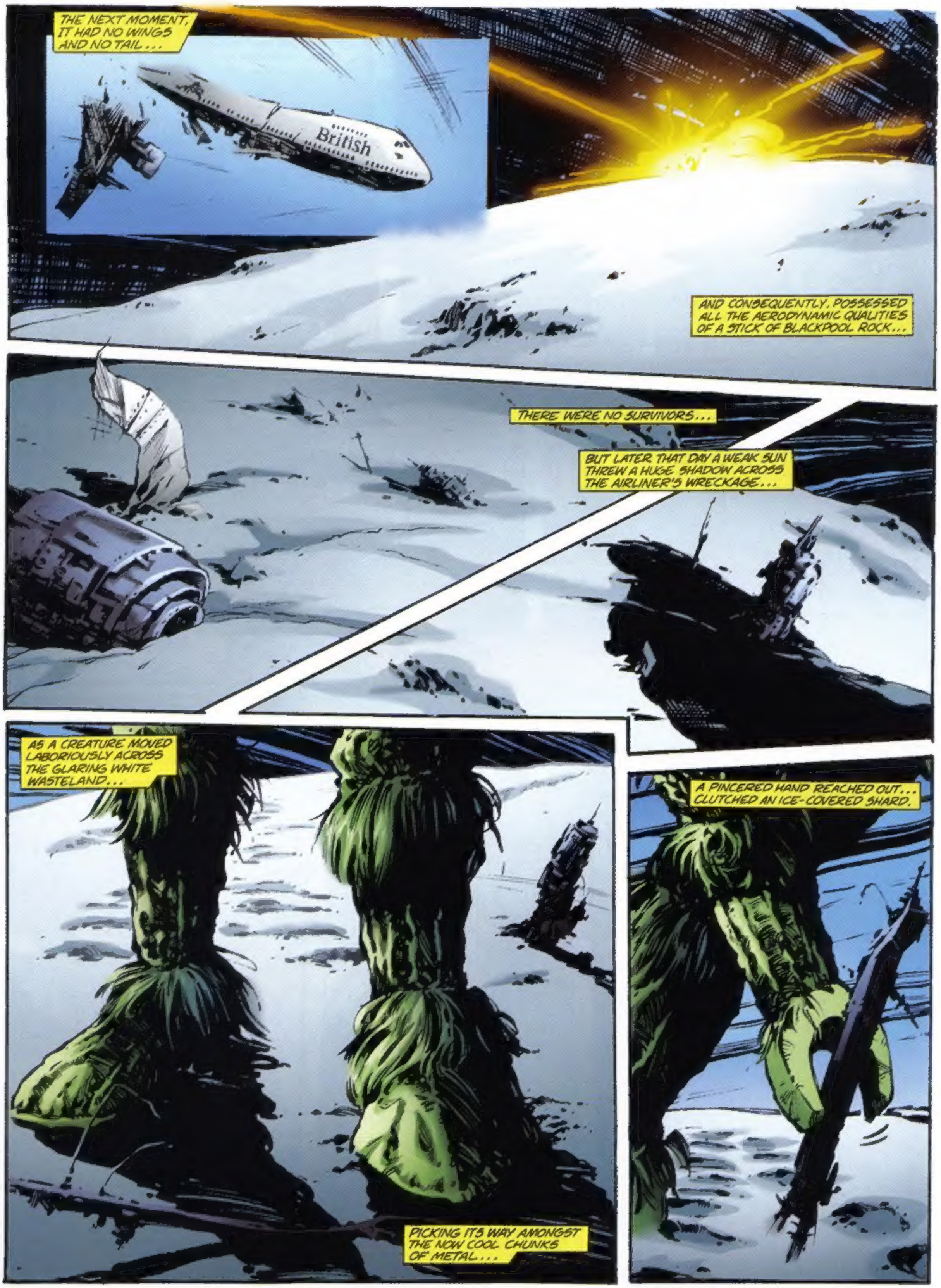
AND SUPPOSING THAT A NUMBER OF THOSE EARTHS WERE IN DIRE PERIL...
HOW WOULD YOU CHOOSE WHICH ONE TO RESCUE?

FAR, FAR BELOW THE TARDIS... A PASSENGER PLANE WAS FOUR HOURS OUT OF HEATHROW, AND WELL INTO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE. DESTINATION: KENNEDY AIRPORT, NEW YORK...
British

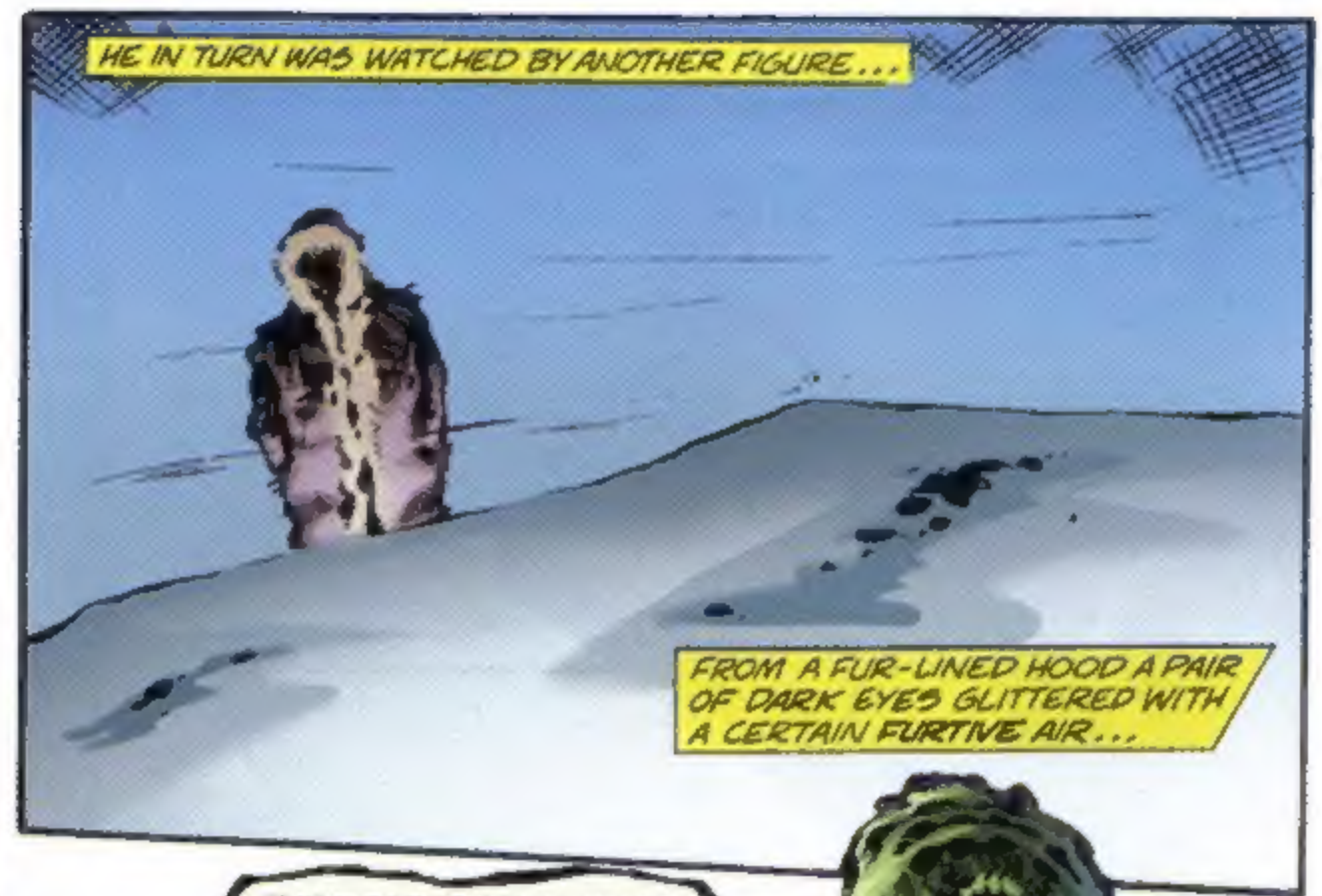
CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON THE FLIGHT WAS UNDER-BOOKED, WITH NEARLY HALF THE SEATS UNOCCUPIED...

FOR FATE OFTEN ARRANGES SUCH THINGS WHEN TRAGEDY IS ABOUT TO STRIKE...

ONE MOMENT, THE AIRCRAFT WAS FLYING NORMALLY... EVEN A LITTLE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE...


THE NEXT MOMENT, IT HAD NO WINGS AND NO TAIL...
British
AND CONSEQUENTLY, POSSESSED ALL THE AERODYNAMIC QUALITIES OF A STICK OF BLACKPOOL ROCK...
THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS...
BUT LATER THAT DAY A WEAK SUN THREW A HUGE SHADOW ACROSS THE AIRLINER'S WRECKAGE...
AS A CREATURE MOVED LABORIOUSLY ACROSS THE GLARING WHITE WASTELAND...
PICKING ITS WAY AMONGST THE NOW COOL CHUNKS OF METAL...
A PINCERED HAND REACHED OUT... CLUTCHED AN ICE-COVERED SHARD.

AND THE MARTIAN EYES OF AN ICE WARRIOR REGARDED IT WITH CLINICAL DISDAIN...


HE IN TURN WAS WATCHED BY ANOTHER FIGURE...
FROM A FUR-LINED HOOD A PAIR OF DARK EYES GLITTERED WITH A CERTAIN FURTIVE AIR...

AND A WHEEDLING VOICE RANG OUT ACROSS THE SNOW...
WELL? IS THAT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU?

THE DEGREE OF ACCURACY IS SATISFACTORY...BUT WE CANNOT MEASURE THE POWER RATIO UNTIL WE HAVE EXAMINED THE METAL'S MOLECULAR STRUCTURE...

HMMM... BRINGING DOWN THIS PRIMITIVE AIRCRAFT IS NO GREAT ACHIEVEMENT, I'LL ADMIT...
BUT THE CANNON WAS ONLY USING A FRACTION OF ITS FULL POWER...

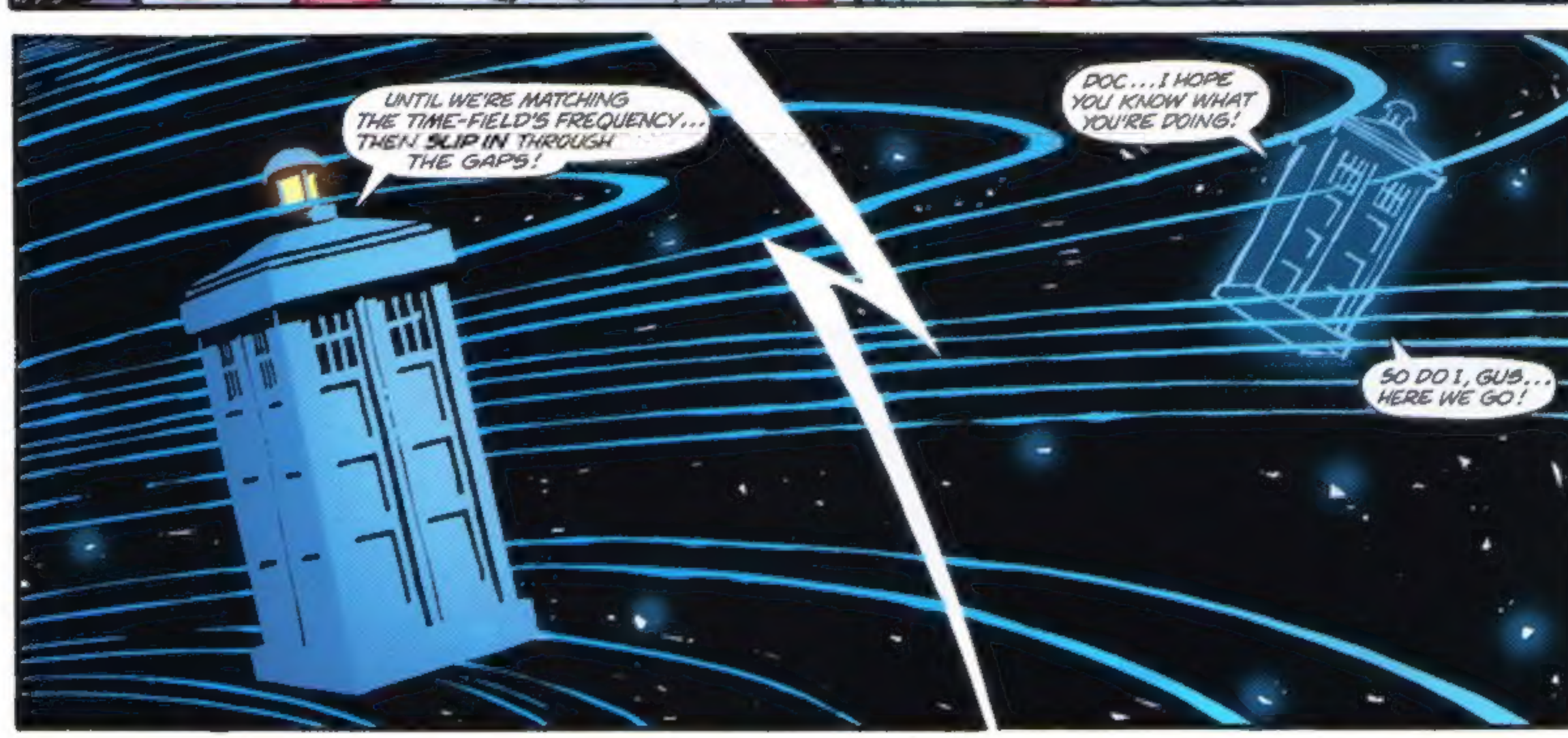
GIVEN TIME, WE'LL HAVE THE POWER TO DESTROY AN ENTIRE CITY... OR EVEN A TARDIS! HEH, HEH!
TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE, EH?

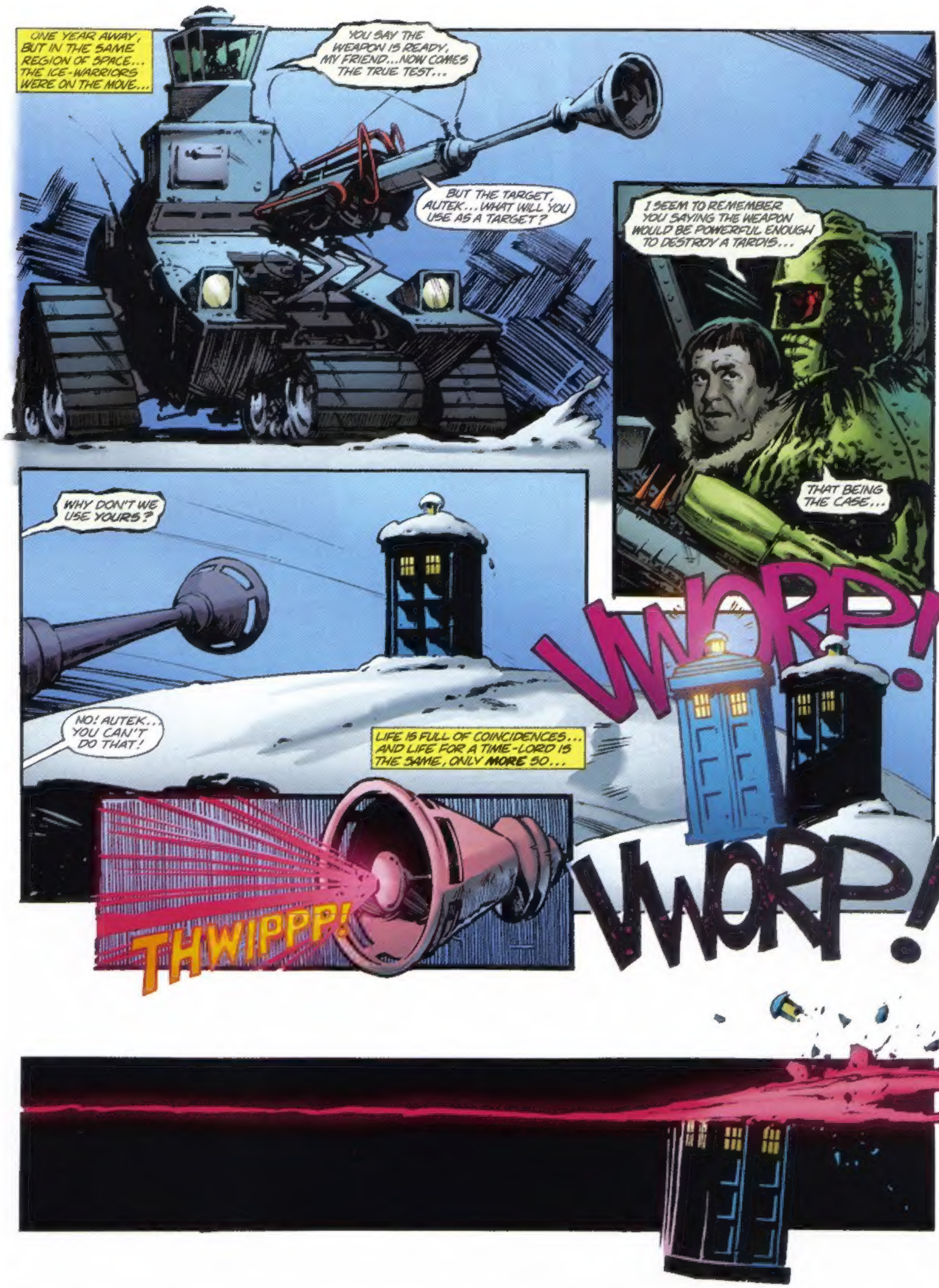
BUT SOMEBODY'S ATTENTION HAD BEEN EXCITED...VERY EXCITED...

SOMETHING IS DISRUPTING THE EARTH'S TEMPORAL FIELD, THROWING OFF A WHOLE SERIES OF PARALLEL WORLDS...ECHOES OF THE REAL THING!
WHENEVER I ACTIVATE THE TARDIS, I GET PUSHED SIDEWAYS IN TIME!
SON OF A GUN!

SOMEBODY IS MASKING THE PLANET WITH A TIME-FIELD... THEY'RE TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING...
LIKE WHAT? WHAT SORT OF PERSON WOULD HAVE THE RESOURCES TO DO A THING LIKE THAT?

WE'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN THERE AND FIND OUT!
HOW YOU GONNA GET PAST THAT TIME-FIELD THING?
THE FIELD IS STRUCTURED ALONG THE SAME PATH AS THE EARTH'S MAGNETISM...BUT IT HAS A DISTINCT WAVE-LENGTH...
I'LL CRANK THE TARDIS UP TO FULL THROB...


UNTIL WE'RE MATCHING THE TIME-FIELD'S FREQUENCY... THEN SLIP IN THROUGH THE GAPS!
DOC...I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
SO DO I, GUS... HERE WE GO!

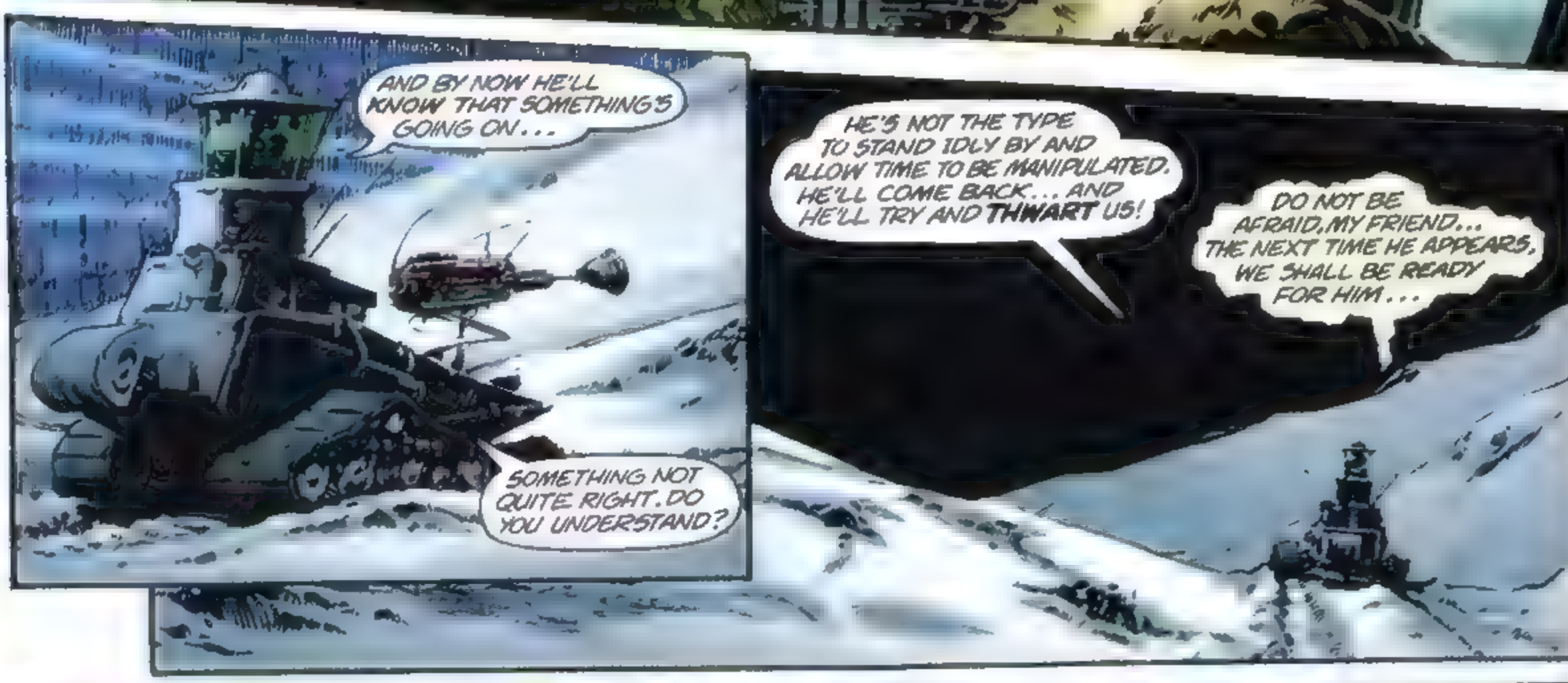

ONE YEAR AWAY, BUT IN THE SAME REGION OF SPACE... THE ICE-WARRIORS WERE ON THE MOVE...
YOU SAY THE WEAPON IS READY, MY FRIEND...NOW COMES THE TRUE TEST...
BUT THE TARGET, AUTEK...WHAT WILL YOU USE AS A TARGET?
I SEEM TO REMEMBER YOU SAYING THE WEAPON WOULD BE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO DESTROY A TARDIS...
THAT BEING THE CASE...
WHOOP!
WHY DON'T WE USE YOURS?
NO! AUTEK... YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
LIFE IS FULL OF COINCIDENCES... AND LIFE FOR A TIME-LORD IS THE SAME, ONLY MORE SO...
THWIPPP!
WHOOP!

THE DOCTOR HAS DISCOVERED A TIME-WARP. ITS SOURCE... THE NORTH POLE! MATERIALISING AMIDST THE ARCTIC WASTES, THE TARDIS IS STRUCK BY A BEAM WEAPON OF EXTRAORDINARY POWER!
4-Dimensional VISTAS
PART III
WRITER PARKHOUSE · ARTIST AUSTIN · LETTERER PARIS · EDITOR McKENZIE
AGAIN! INCREASE THE POWER AND FIRE AGAIN!
HEY, DOC... CAN WE HIT BACK? IS THIS BOX OF TRICKS ARMED?
IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE, GUS! IT'S VIRTUALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE!
I DON'T LIKE THE WORD "VIRTUALLY", DOC! IT'S EITHER INDESTRUCTIBLE OR IT ISN'T!
DON'T WORRY... I'M GETTING US OUT OF HERE!

VWORP!
VWORP!

IT'S GONE! YOU'VE LET HIM GO! HE KNOWS, YOU FOOL... HE KNOWS!

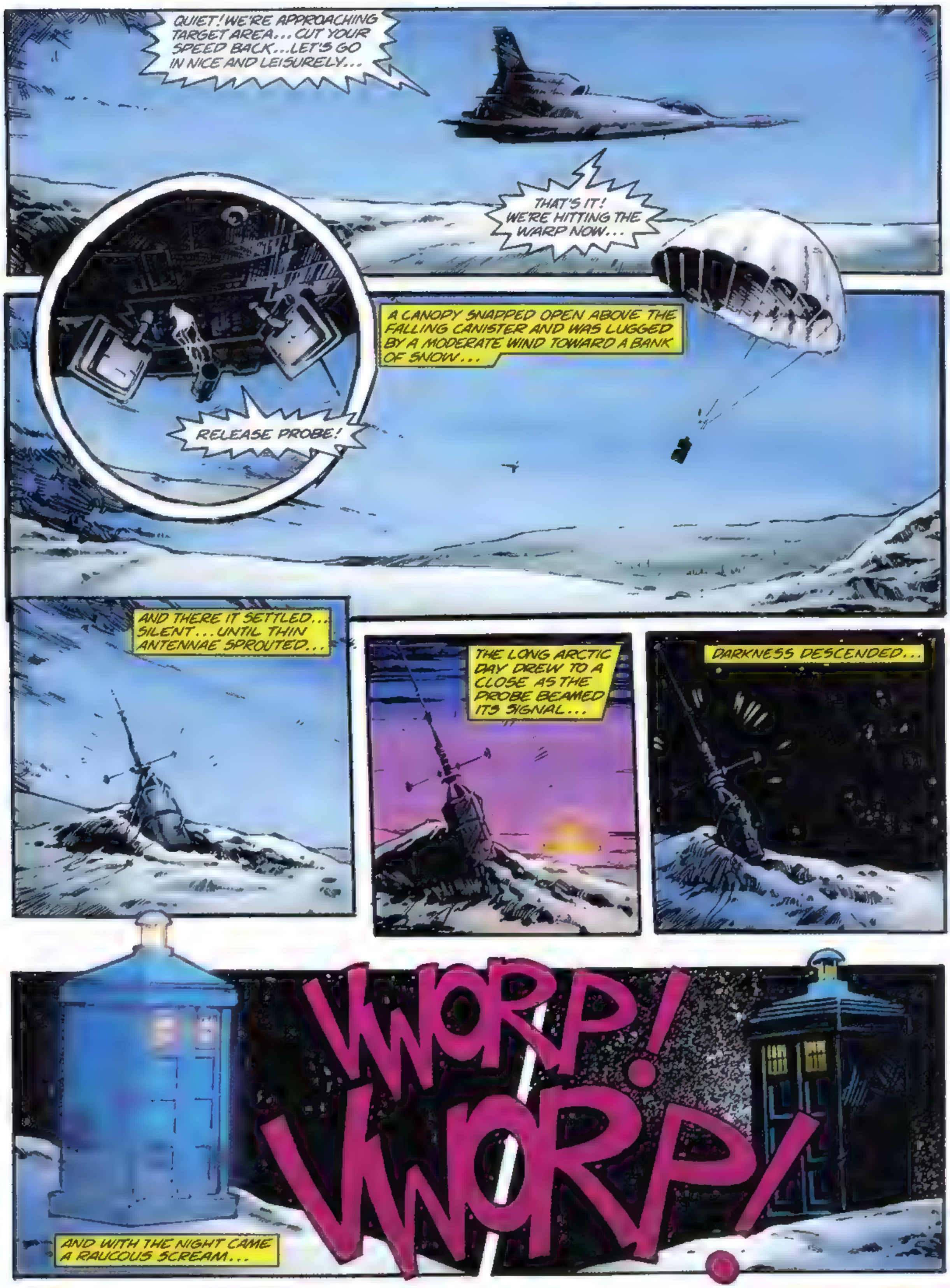
HOW DID THIS TIME LORD PENETRATE THE TEMPORAL FIELD THAT YOU CONSTRUCTED?
BECAUSE HE'S CLEVER, THAT'S WHY..


AND BY NOW HE'LL KNOW THAT SOMETHING'S GOING ON...
SOMETHING NOT QUITE RIGHT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
HE'S NOT THE TYPE TO STAND IDLY BY AND ALLOW TIME TO BE MANIPULATED. HE'LL COME BACK... AND HE'LL TRY AND THWART US!
DO NOT BE AFRAID, MY FRIEND... THE NEXT TIME HE APPEARS, WE SHALL BE READY FOR HIM...

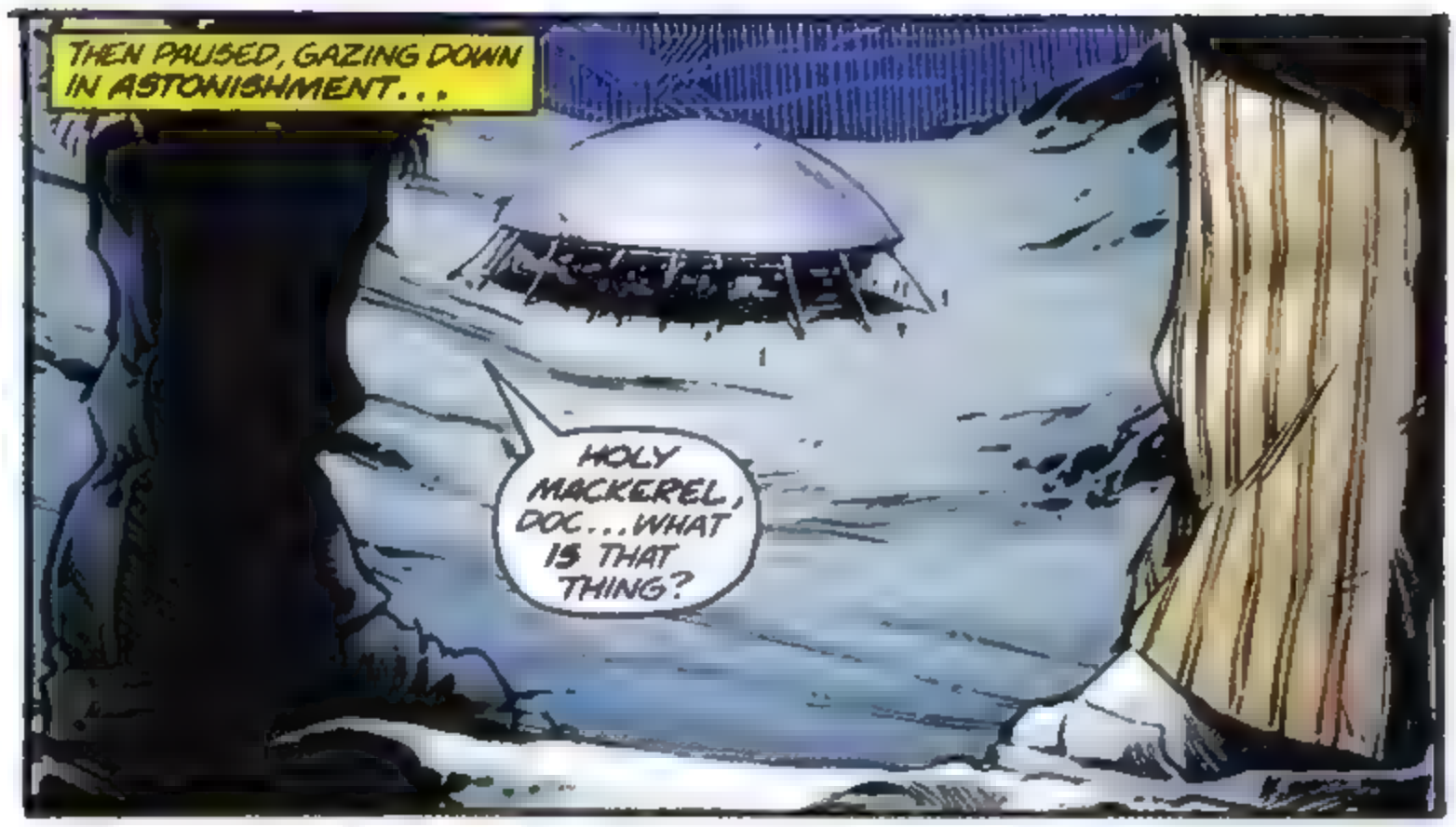
BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE STARS AN UN-MARKED AIRCRAFT LEVELLED OFF AFTER A LONG CLIMB...
THE PILOT SWITCHED TO AUTOMATIC AND LET THE PLANE FLY ITSELF FOR AN HOUR...

BEFORE TAKING IT DOWN IN A SLOW, ARCING DESCENT TO THE SHIMMERING CONTINENT BENEATH...

WHAAAAMM!
THE SILENCE OF THE ARCTIC WAS SHATTERED BY ITS SONIC BOOM...
FEW PEOPLE HAD WITNESSED THE AIRCRAFT'S TAKE-OFF FROM A BASE IN SCOTLAND... EVEN FEWER WERE AWARE OF THE PILOT'S IDENTITY...
THE ONLY CLUE BEING AN INSIGNIA ON HIS FLYING SUIT... SAG 3...
DANGER
HOW'S EVERY LITTLE THING BACK THERE?
ATOMIC CLOCKS REGISTERING SYNCHRONICITY...
BUT THIS BLASTED HELMET WEIGHS A TON! I'D RATHER DO THE SCAN WITHOUT IT!
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW THE BOFFINS LOVE THEIR NEW TOYS. BESIDES, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE THAT GOOD?
SAG


QUIET! WE'RE APPROACHING TARGET AREA... CUT YOUR SPEED BACK...LET'S GO IN NICE AND LEISURELY...
THAT'S IT! WE'RE HITTING THE WARP NOW...
A CANOPY SNAPPED OPEN ABOVE THE FALLING CANISTER AND WAS LUGGED BY A MODERATE WIND TOWARD A BANK OF SNOW...
RELEASE PROBE!
AND THERE IT SETTLED... SILENT...UNTIL THIN ANTENNAE SPROUTED...
THE LONG ARCTIC DAY DREW TO A CLOSE AS THE PROBE BEAMED ITS SIGNAL...
DARKNESS DESCENDED...
WHORP! WHORP!
AND WITH THE NIGHT CAME A RAUCOUS SCREAM...

TWO FIGURES MADE TRACKS TOWARDS A SNOW-COVERED RISE...


THEN PAUSED, GAZING DOWN IN ASTONISHMENT...
HOLY MACKEREL, DOC...WHAT IS THAT THING?

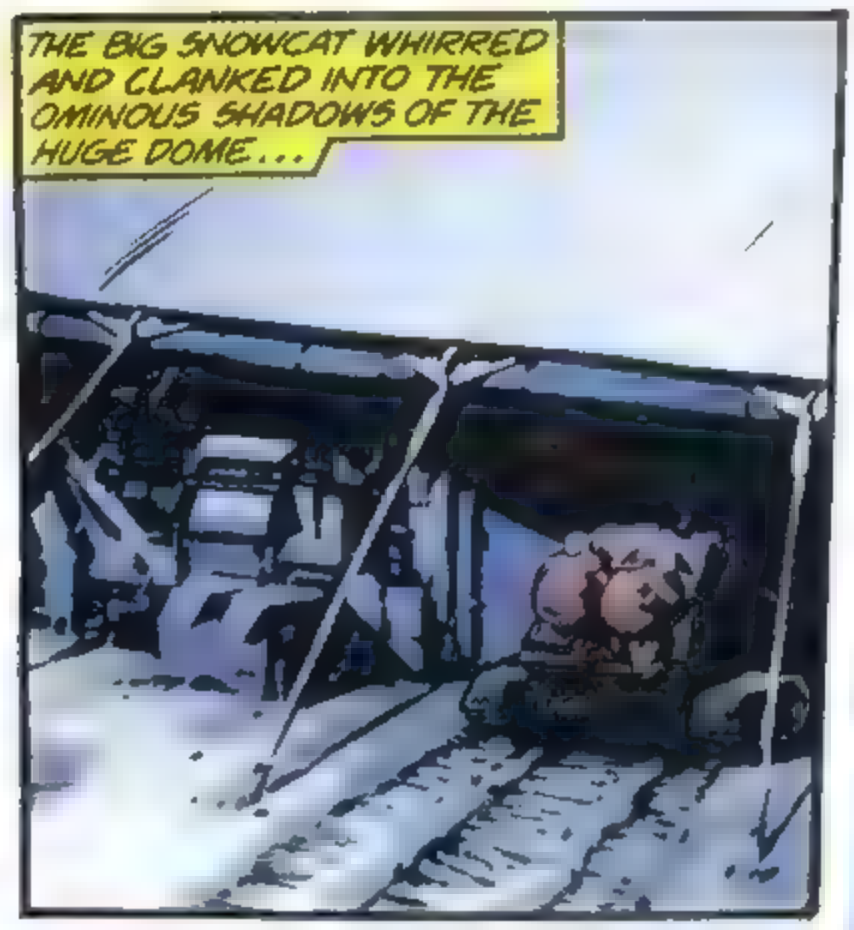
WELL...AT A LOOSE GUESS I'D SAY IT'S A VISITOR TO EARTH...
SOMETHING FROM ANOTHER PLANET!

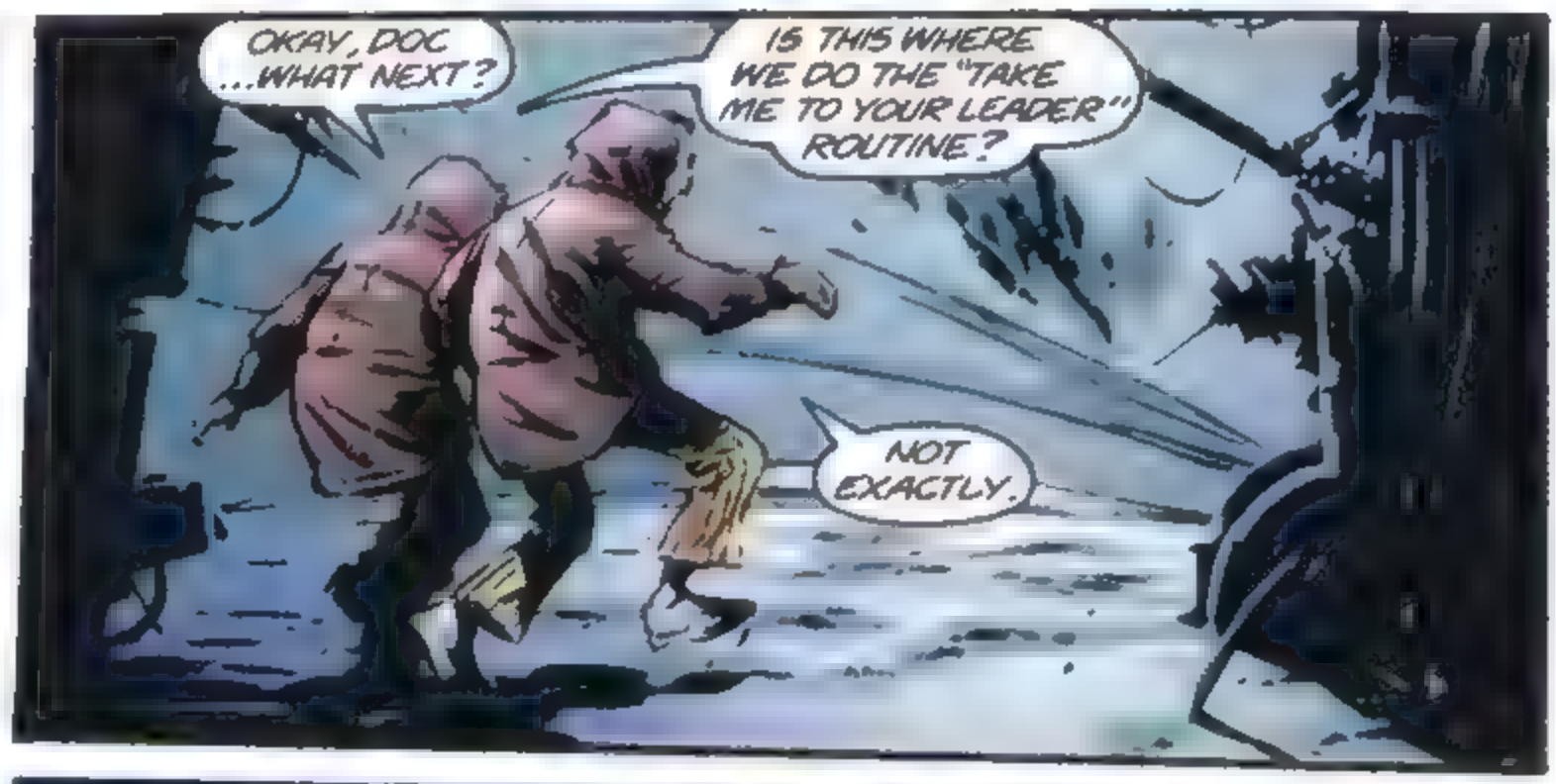
WHY IT'S HERE, I DON'T KNOW... BUT I INTEND TO FIND OUT.
YOU'RE GOIN' DOWN THERE?
YES, COMING?

WAIT A MINUTE, DOC! I HEAR SOMETHING!
HIT THE DECK!
VROOOM!

COME ON, GUS...LET'S HITCH A RIDE!

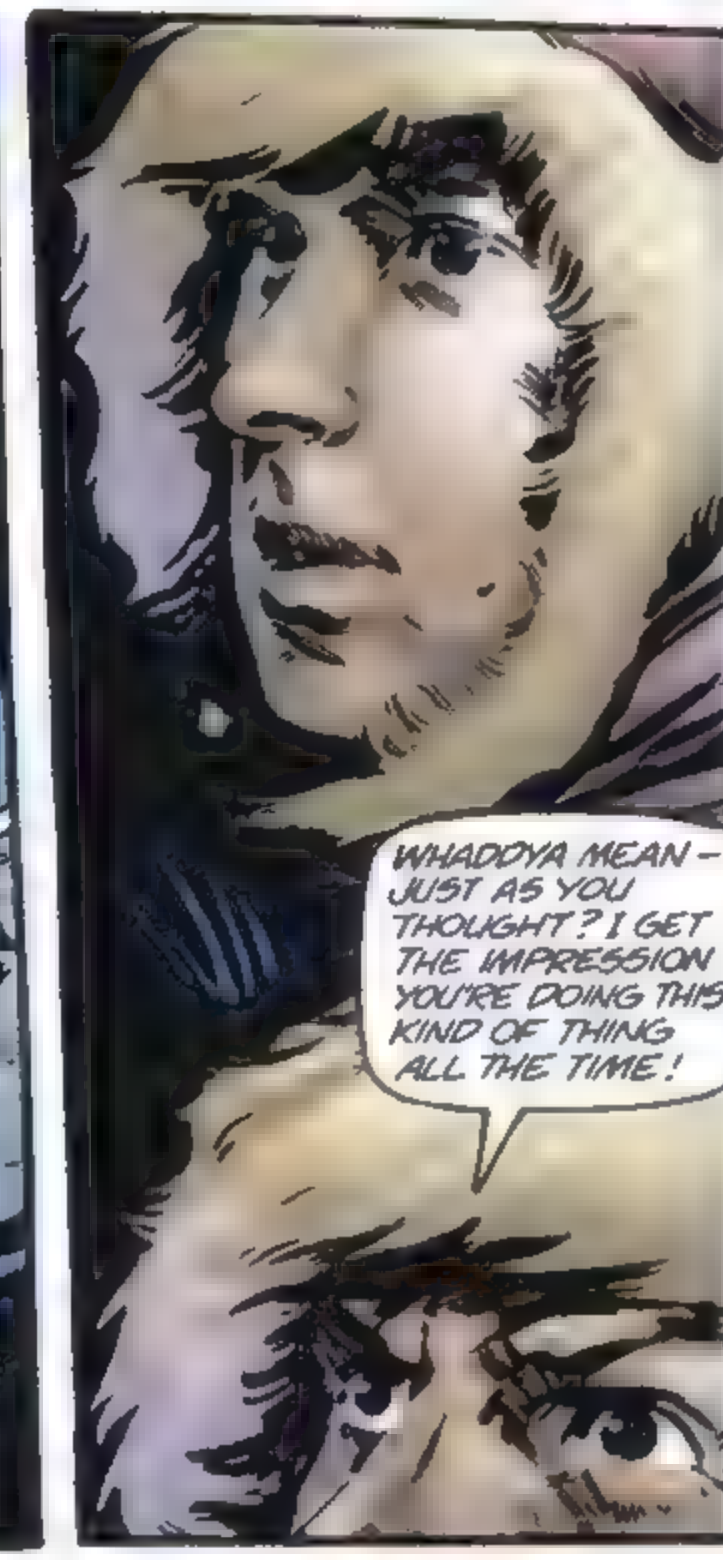
THIS IS CRAZY! I HAVEN'T DONE THIS SINCE I WAS A KID!
SSSHHH! THIS IS NO TIME FOR NOSTALGIA!

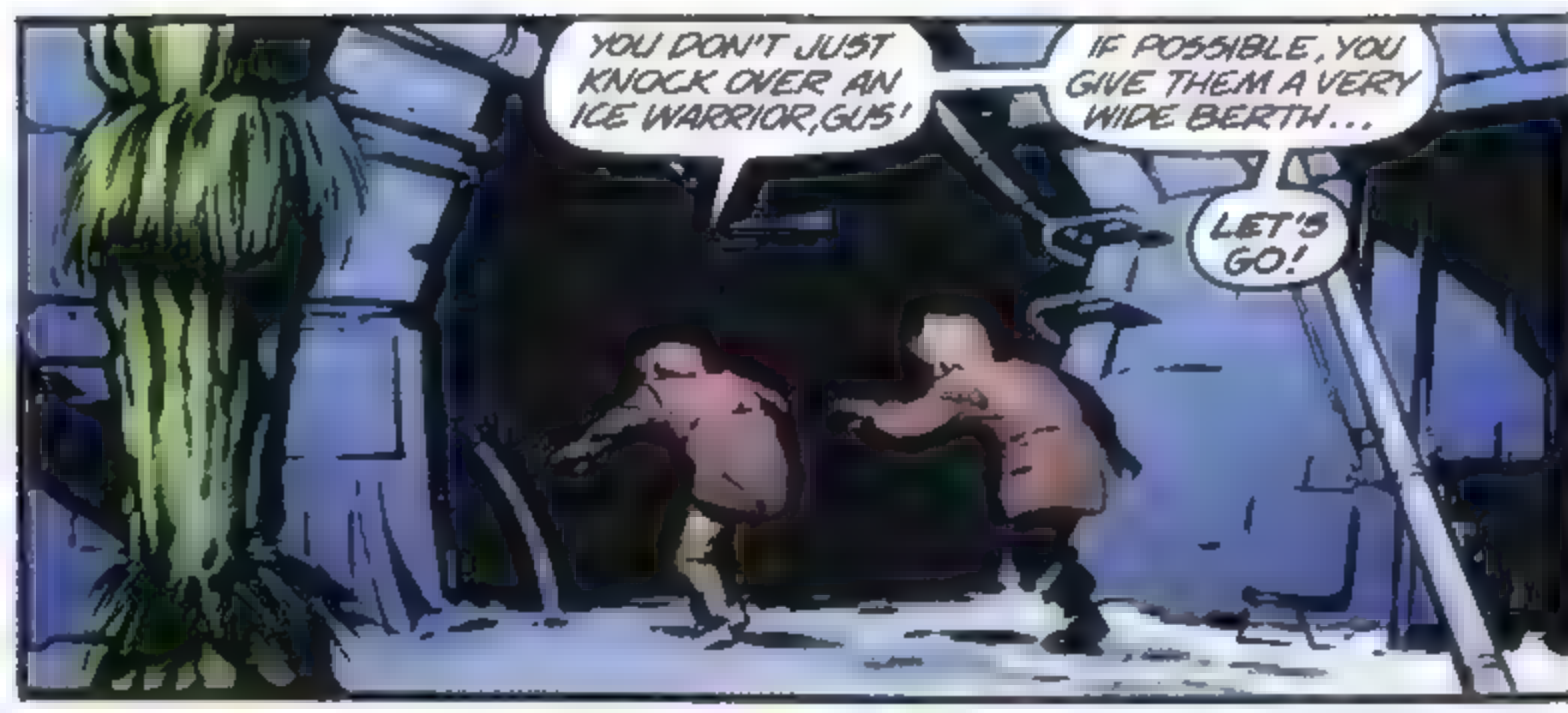

THE BIG SNOWCAT WHIRRED AND CLANKED INTO THE OMINOUS SHADOWS OF THE HUGE DOME...


OKAY, DOC ...WHAT NEXT?
IS THIS WHERE WE DO THE "TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER" ROUTINE?
NOT EXACTLY.

FROM NOW ON WE KEEP A LOW PROFILE...
LOOK! THERE'S SOME KIND OF GUARD PATROL!
JEEZ... THOSE GUYS ARE BIG!

JUST AS I THOUGHT... ICE WARRIORS!


WHADDYA MEAN – JUST AS YOU THOUGHT? I GET THE IMPRESSION YOU'RE DOING THIS KIND OF THING ALL THE TIME!

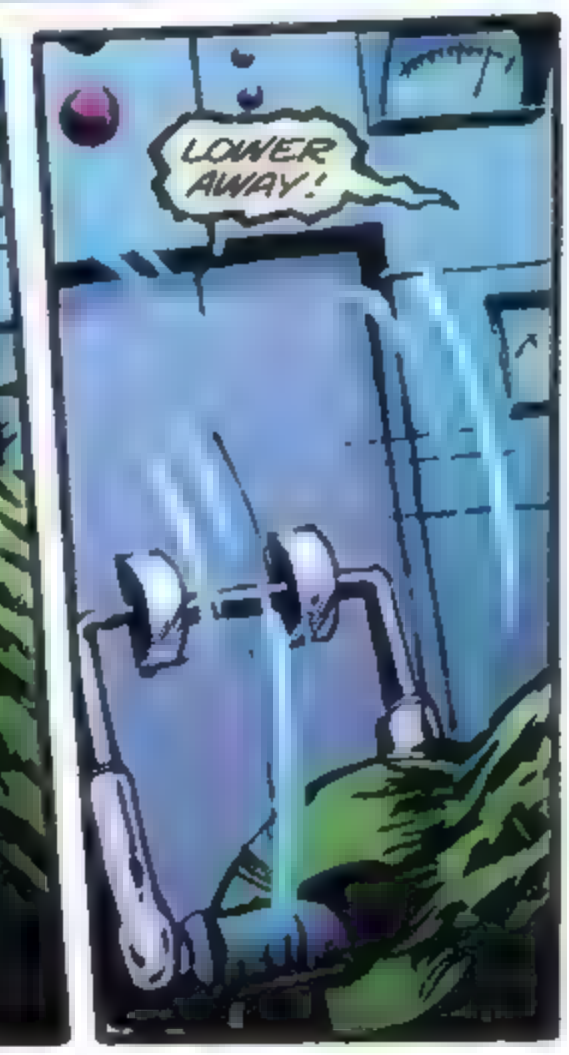


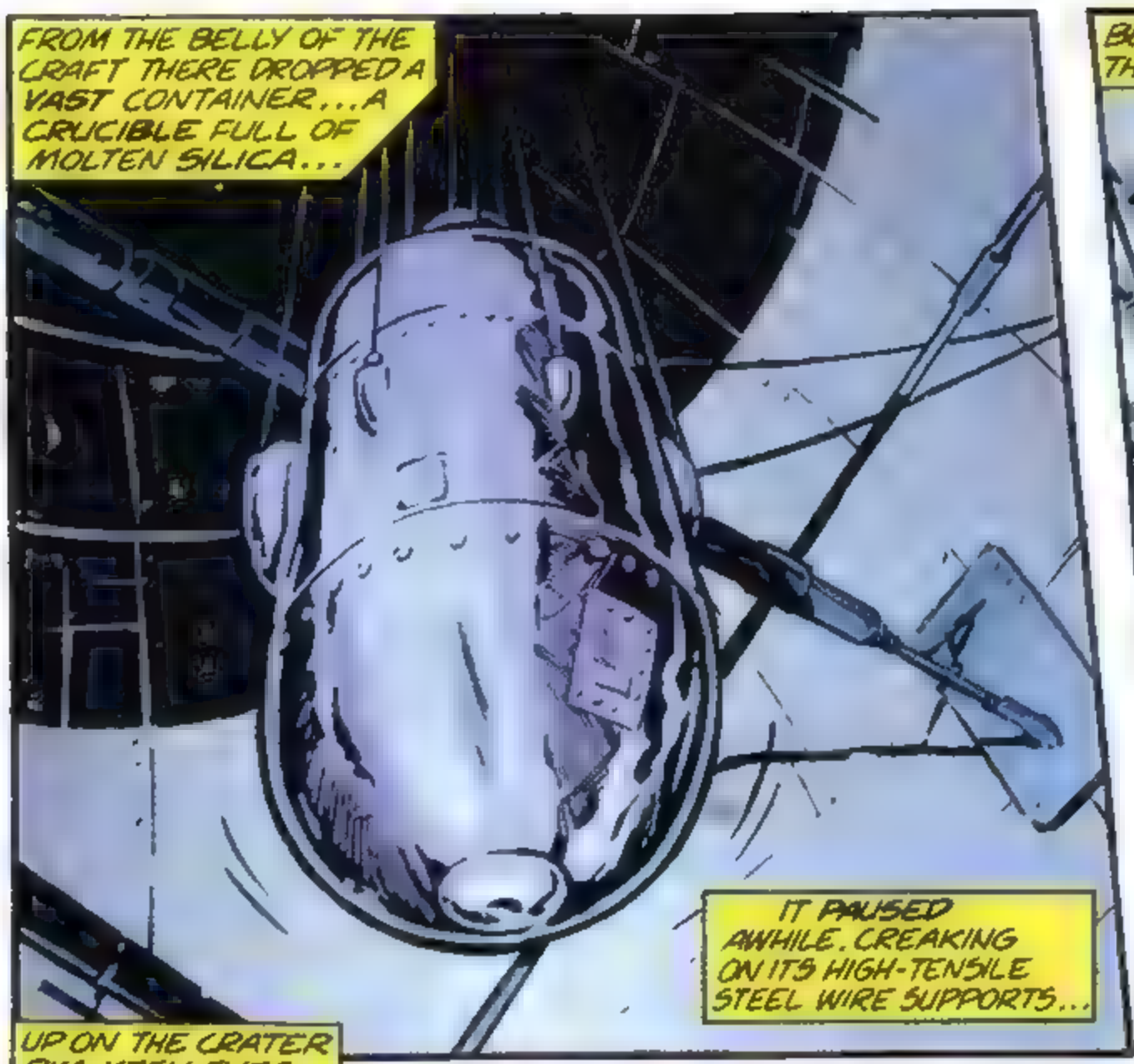
DEEP BENEATH THE DOME, WHICH WAS IN FACT THE VISIBLE PORTION OF A MIND-BOGGLINGLY HUGE SPACE-CRAFT... THERE WAS A HOLE IN THE GROUND...

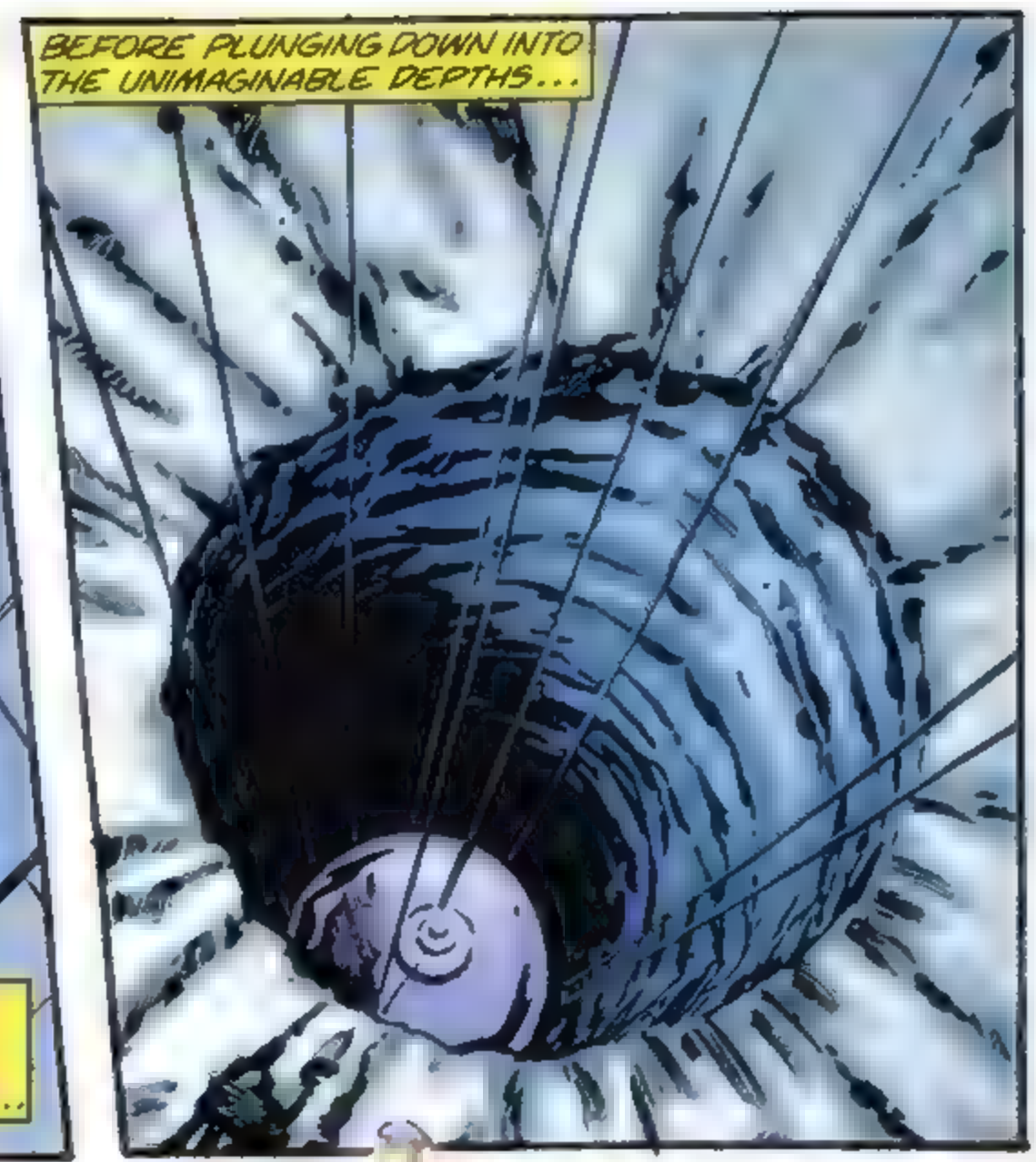
NOT JUST ANY HOLE IN THE GROUND...

THIS WAS A SHAFT THIRTY MILES DEEP...

A SHAFT THAT REPRESENTED MANY MONTHS OF WORK FOR THE ICE WARRIORS... A MASSIVE INVESTMENT.







UP ON THE CRATER RIM, KEEN EYES WATCHED...

WHAT'S GOING ON, DOC?

IT'S A BIG OPERATION... VERY BIG... BUT I HAVEN'T GOT A CLUE WHAT THEY'RE DOING!

SO UNEXPECTED, THAT GUS WAS TAKEN COMPLETELY OFF GUARD AND SPRANG TO HIS FEET...

DOC! THEY'VE GOT YOUR BOX OF TRICKS!

GUS! SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!

WHEN SOMETHING TOTALLY UNEXPECTED HAPPENED...

VWORP! VWORP!

TOO LATE! SONIC CANNONS SWUNG... LEVELLED TOWARDS THEM...

TIME. TIME IS THE DOCTOR'S STOCK IN TRADE. IT'S SOMETHING HE DEALS IN, AS OTHERS DEAL IN MACHINE PARTS... OR HIGH FINANCE...

OR EVEN DEATH...

THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US, DOC!

THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US!

WHEN THE ACTION STARTS, HE CAN ADMIT TO NO-ONE, NOT EVEN HIMSELF... THAT HE IS AFRAID...

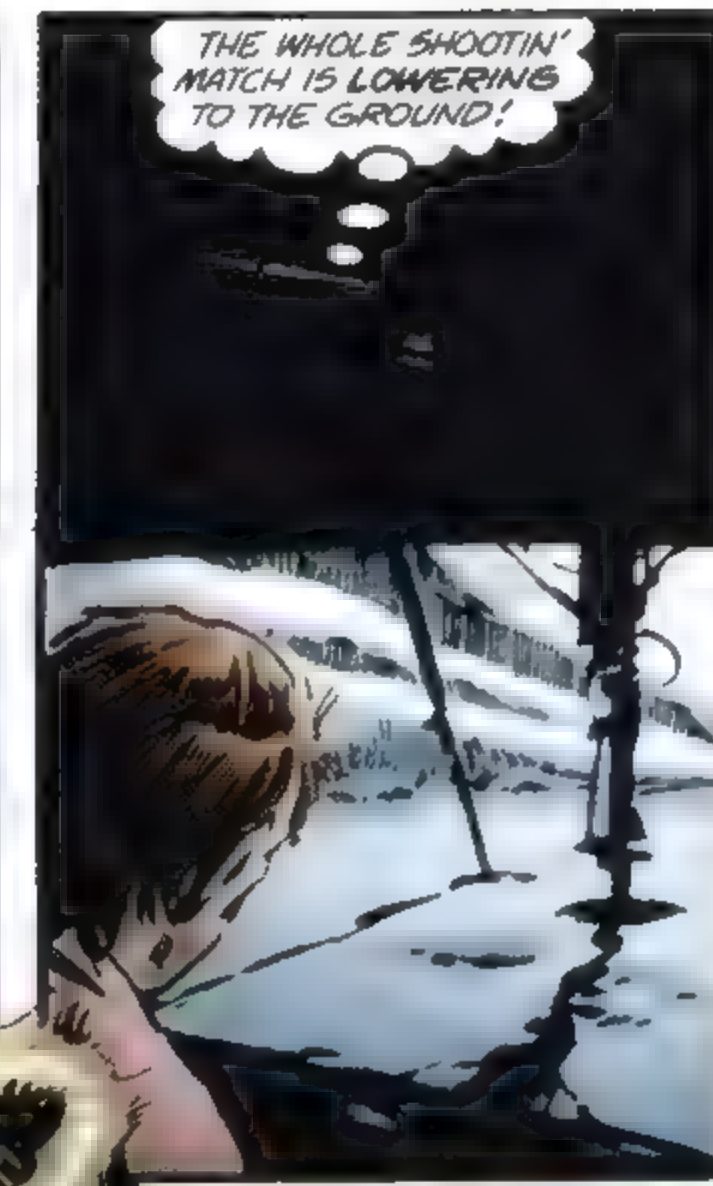
ALL HE CAN HEAR IS SOMEONE SHOUTING ...AND HE IS FROZEN IN TIME...

PART IV
4-Dimensional VISTAS

WRITER PARKHOUSE · ARTIST AUSTIN · LETTERER PARIS · EDITOR MCKENZIE

FTOOW!
CRAK!
"AIM FOR THEIR EYES...THEY DON'T LIKE THAT!"

HOLY MACKEREL! THE PLACE IS CLOSING DOWN!


THE WHOLE SHOOTIN' MATCH IS LOWERING TO THE GROUND!

I'LL NEVER MAKE THE GAP!
THEN THE MAN OF ACTION TOOK OVER...GUS FOUND HIMSELF POUNDING TOWARD THE DESCENDING DOME...

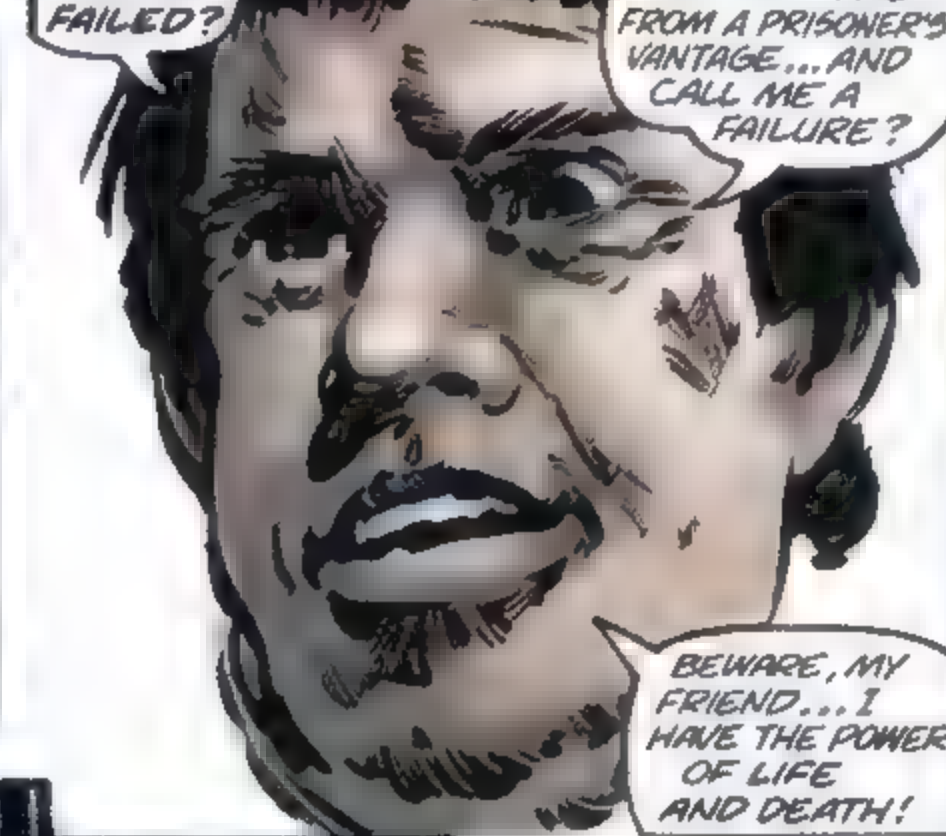
HURLING HIMSELF FORWARD...

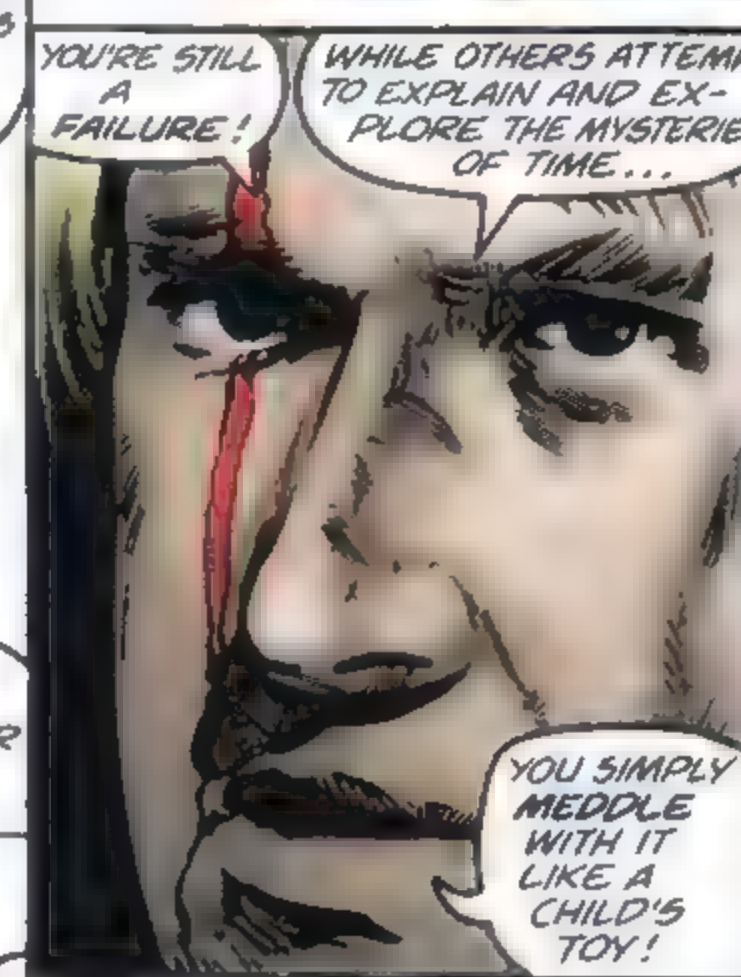
I DID IT!
THOOM!!

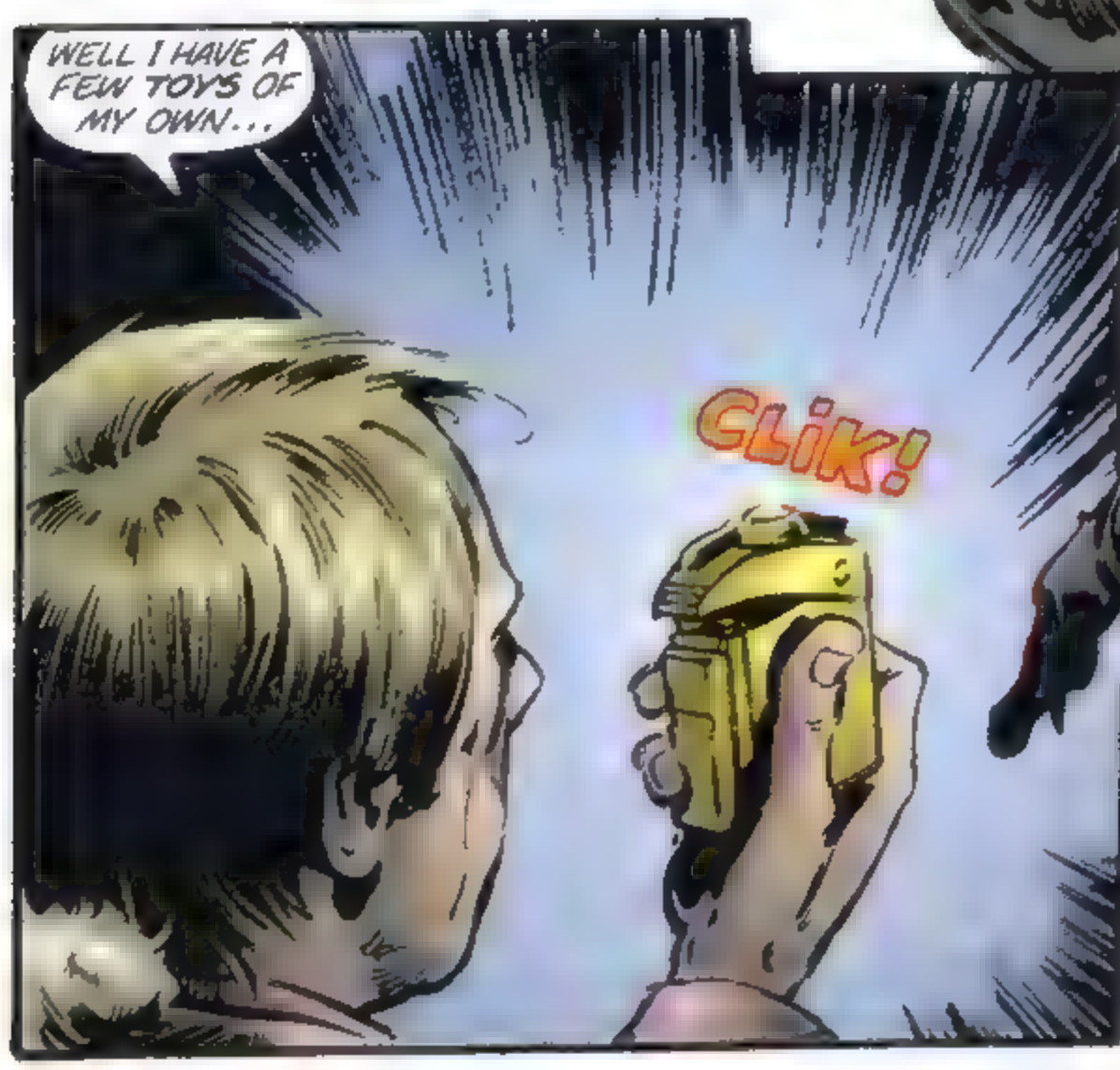
BUT WHERE TO NOW? FIND THE TARDIS, HE SAID...
I CAN'T EVEN FIND OUR OWN TRACKS...

WHILE GUS LURCHED OFF INTO THE ENDLESS ICE-FIELDS... THE DOCTOR WAS BEING RE-ACQUAINTED WITH AN OLD FRIEND...
THIS MUST BE HIM, AUTEK!
HE LOOKS DIFFERENT... BUT IT'S HIM, I KNOW IT!

AND I KNOW YOU, TOO...
YOU'RE THE FAILED TIME LORD WE CALLED THE TIME-MEDDLER!

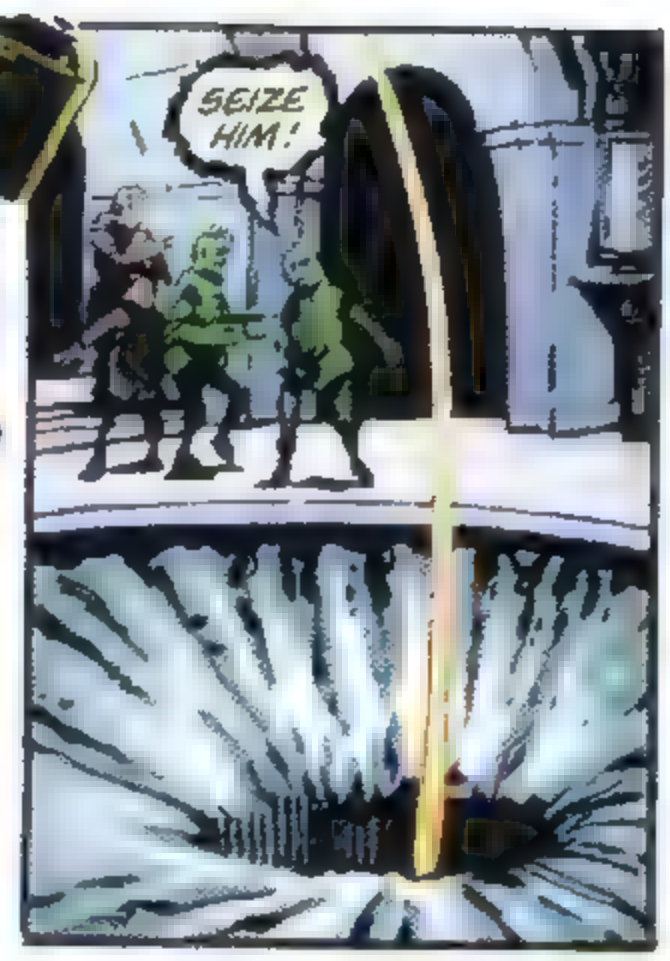

FAILED? FAILED?
YOU LOOK AT ME FROM A PRISONER'S VANTAGE... AND CALL ME A FAILURE?
BEWARE, MY FRIEND... I HAVE THE POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH!


YOU'RE STILL A FAILURE!
WHILE OTHERS ATTEMPT TO EXPLAIN AND EXPLORE THE MYSTERIES OF TIME...
YOU SIMPLY MEDDLE WITH IT LIKE A CHILD'S TOY!


WELL I HAVE A FEW TOYS OF MY OWN...
CLIK!

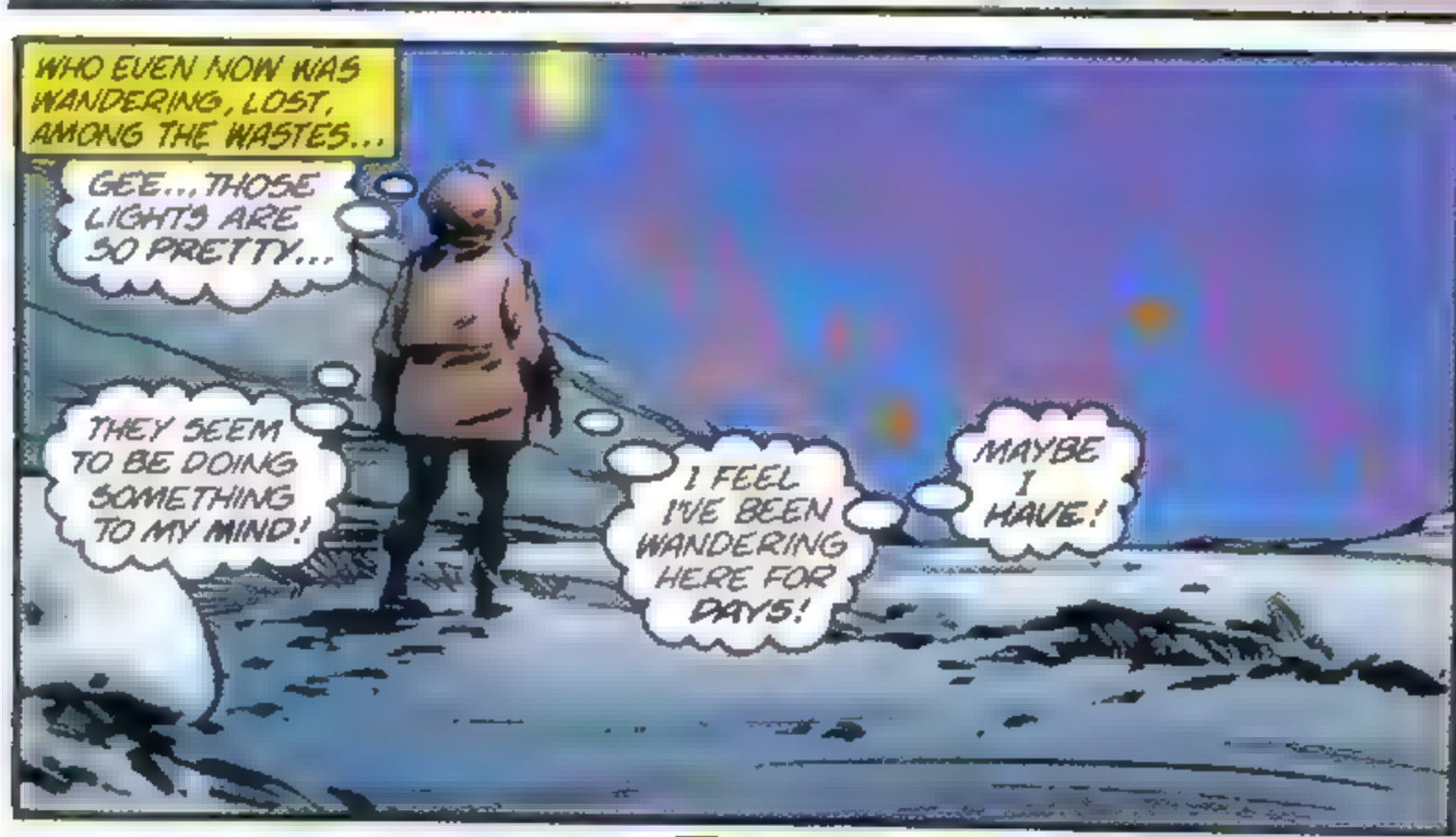
A LITTLE GIFT, YOU MIGHT SAY... FROM THE OLD GANG ON GALLIFREY!
TIC! TAC! HMMMMMM...

AND IT'S ALL YOURS!
JUST A LITTLE DEVICE TO CANCEL YOUR TIME WARP!

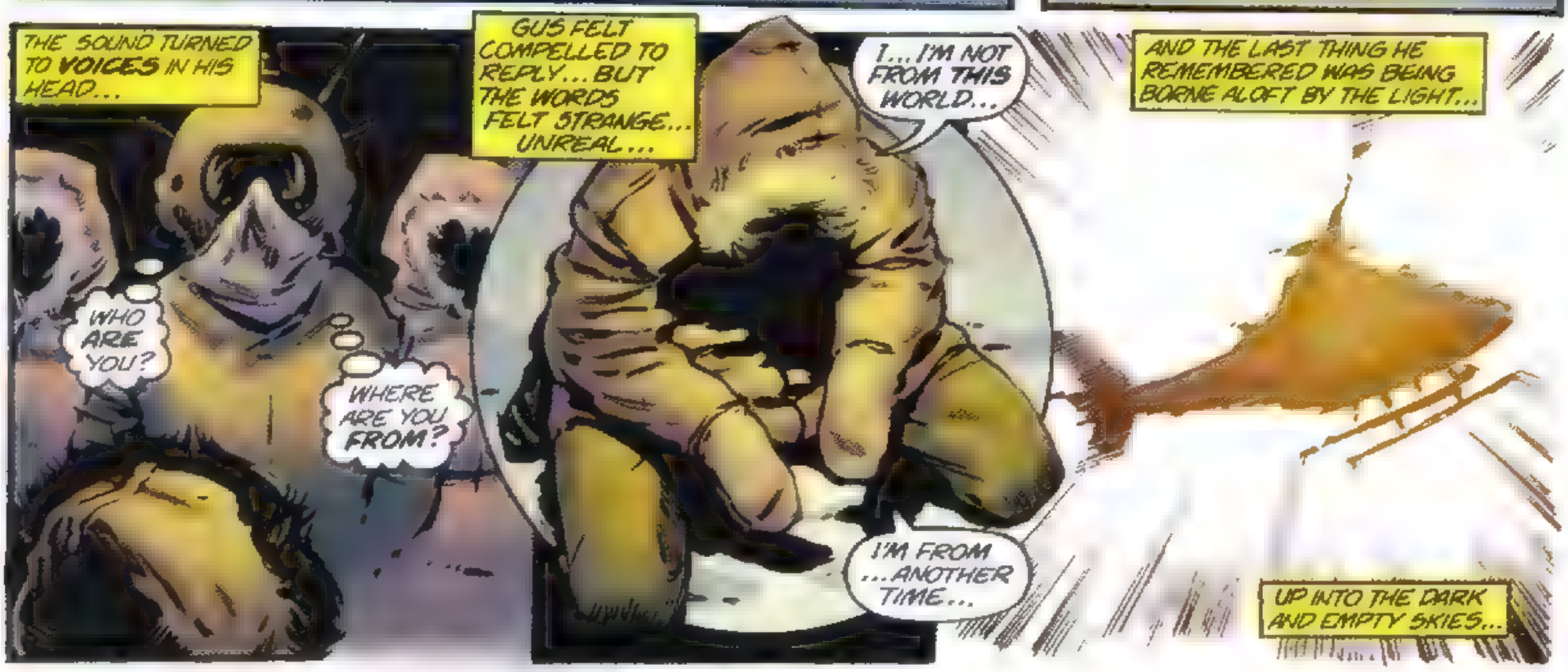

SEIZE HIM!

HE HAS JEOPARDISED OUR MISSION...
HE WILL DIE!
THUD!
EVENTUALLY!

A UNIT OF ICE WARRIORS BLASTED AWAY FROM THE DOME...
VRAAAM!
THEIR OBJECTIVE: TO FIND GUS...


WHO EVEN NOW WAS WANDERING, LOST, AMONG THE WASTES...
GEE...THOSE LIGHTS ARE SO PRETTY...
THEY SEEM TO BE DOING SOMETHING TO MY MIND!
I FEEL I'VE BEEN WANDERING HERE FOR DAYS!
MAYBE I HAVE!

THEN A GREAT ROARING SOUND CRASHED IN GUS' EARS...
AND HE WAS ENGULFED IN BRILLIANT WHITE LIGHT...
FROM WHICH EMERGED THREE SPECTRAL FIGURES..

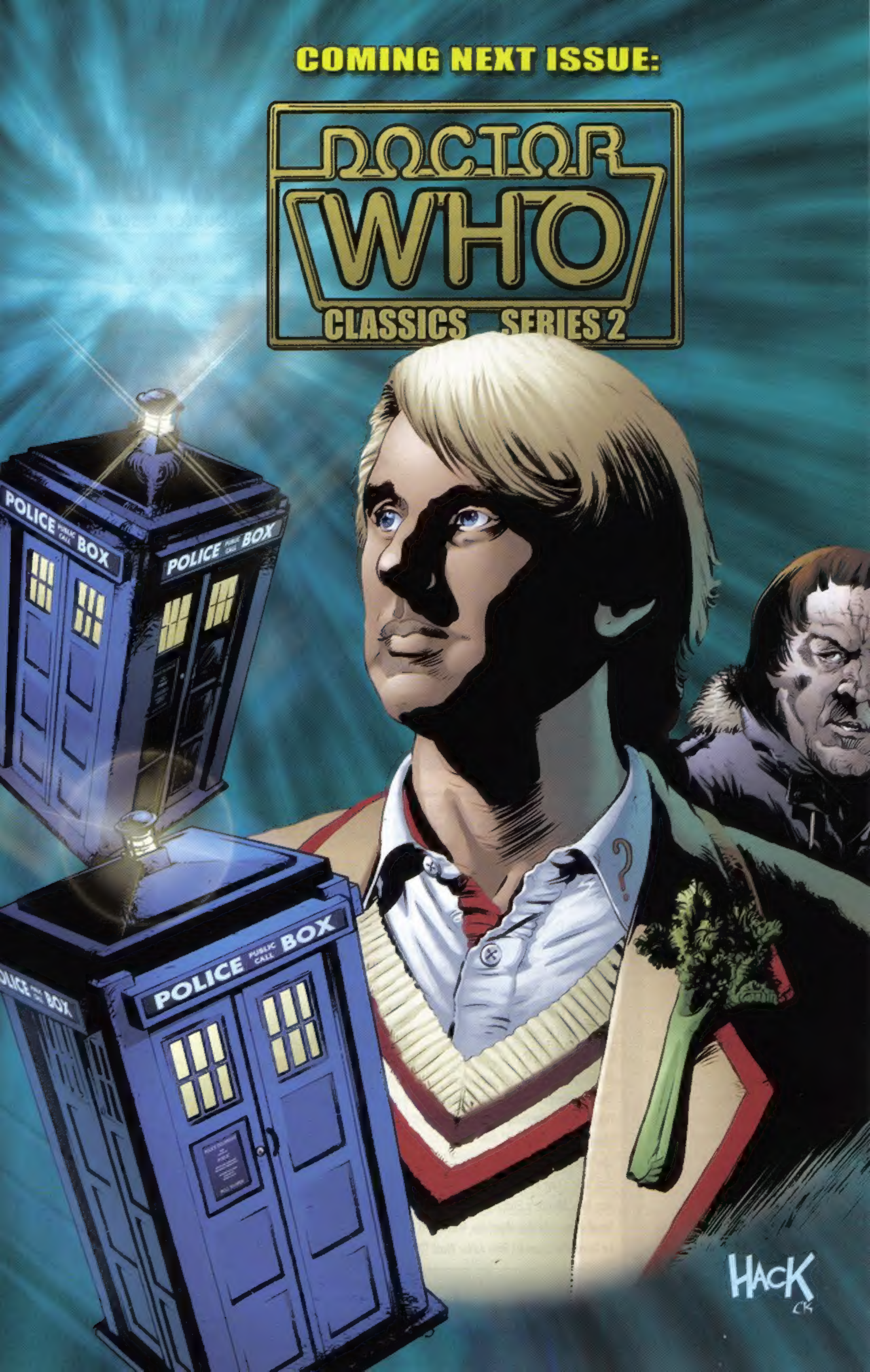

THE SOUND TURNED TO VOICES IN HIS HEAD...
GUS FELT COMPELLED TO REPLY...BUT THE WORDS FELT STRANGE... UNREAL...
I...I'M NOT FROM THIS WORLD...
AND THE LAST THING HE REMEMBERED WAS BEING BORNE ALOFT BY THE LIGHT...
WHO ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
I'M FROM ...ANOTHER TIME...
UP INTO THE DARK AND EMPTY SKIES...

BELOW, THE ICE WARRIOR, KHANDAK, PAUSED ON HIS PATROL... HE HAD TRUDGED FOR MILES AND FOUND NOTHING. HIS SLOW, PONDEROUS PROGRESS BETRAYED HIS SLOW PONDEROUS THOUGHTS...
IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HIM THAT HE MIGHT NOW BE THE QUARRY...
THE QUARRY OF A STRANGE AND MERCILESS HUNTER... ARMED NOT WITH A CLEAN, CLINICAL SONIC BEAM...
BUT WITH FIRE AND STEEL!
THONK!
KA-CHUNK!

PAIN PERMEATED THROUGH THE HEAVY LAYERS OF KHANDAK'S CONSCIOUSNESS...
THERE WAS SOMETHING TERRIBLY WRONG WITH HIS LEGS...
AND AS THEY GAVE WAY BENEATH HIM...
WHOMP!
FIVE HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, KHANDAK'S UNIT LEADER AND HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND HALTED IN THEIR TRACKS AS THE EXPLOSION ROLLED ACROSS THE HILLS...
TWO WHITE-CLAD FIGURES DROPPED INTO THE SNOW...
GLOVED FINGERS DEFTLY SPUN A MILLED RING... SIGHTS WERE ALIGNED...
A FLAME ROARED IN THE BLEAK WHITENESS...
AND SUDDENLY, THE UNIT LEADER WAS ALONE...
AAUGH!
WHAMF!
ALONE AND FIRING BLINDLY INTO THE NIGHT...

...AT TARGETS THAT HAD ALREADY VANISHED... DOUBLING AT A CROUCHING RUN TO JOIN THEIR COMPANION...
IT'S RIGHT ABOUT HERE...
ONE HIT... THAT'S ALL YOU'LL NEED!
BUT IT'LL HAVE TO BE SPOT ON...
STEADY...
NOW!!
VOOMP!

NEXT: *THE HARDER THEY COME...*


COMING NEXT ISSUE:
DOCTOR WHO
CLASSICS SERIES 2
POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX
HACK